SOME NEW BOOKS.

Picturesque America.

We are indebted to Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co. for three volumes entitled *America: Picturesque and Descriptive*, by JOEL COOK, who is doubtless known to many of our readers as the author of a book treating of England in a similar way. The work before us must not be mistaken for a guide book, but it may be heartily commended as a useful supplement of one, for it depicts in detail the natural beauties of the United States, and sets forth in the light of thorough knowledge the historical associations connected therewith. As Mr. Cook reminds us, it is often said, and with truth, that the average American knows less by education and by ocular inspection about the United States than he does about foreign lands. At many American schools a boy is taught more about Greece, and Rome, and England, and France than about the land of his birth, and, when he has grown up, he is apt to visit London, Paris or Rome more frequently than Chicago or New Orleans, and the Alps or Apennines sooner than the Appalachian Range or the Rocky Mountains. It has been computed that the Americans spend annually upward of $100,000,000 in foreign travel, while to them the greater part of the United States remains an unknown land. They do not know, or if they do, they disregard the fact, that the glaciers easily reached by the Canadian Pacific Railroad and in Alaska are far more imposing than those of Switzerland, while the mountains and cataracts of Europe are pygmies compared to those of the New World.

The purpose of the work before us is to present a comprehensive view of the history, biography, picturesque attractions, productions, peculiarities and salient features of the American Republic. The author has undertaken to fulfil his aim not only from a literary but also from a pictorial viewpoint. His book is illustrated by seventy-five full-page photogravures of the most striking scenery and buildings and the most celebrated places of the country. The text has been prepared mainly from notes made at first hand by the author during many years of extended travel throughout the United States and Canada. His first volume, beginning with an account of the Chesapeake Bay region, describes the early settlements along the James River and the seaboard as far as Key West, the city of Washington and the natural and historical characteristics of the tract embracing Virginia, Maryland and the adjacent territory, whence a digression is made into the West and Northwest by way of Chicago and the Great Lakes to Yellowstone Park. The second volume first portrays the great city of New York and the environment of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, and then covers what is specially noteworthy in New York State, the Berkshire Hills, Lake Champlain, the Niagara Falls and River, the St. Lawrence and the quaint and interesting region of Lower Canada. The third and concluding volume starts with a description of Massachusetts Bay, New England and the Maritime Provinces, and then conveys the reader to the Ohio and Mississippi Valley, the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. The usefulness of such a book will be generally appreciated. It is impossible for an American citizen to know too much of his own country, and every work that helps to increase his knowledge thereof ought to be welcomed as a valuable addition to current literature.

I.

We purpose to exemplify the skill with which Mr. Cook has carried out his purpose by an extract or two from each of his three volumes Let us note, for instance, what he has to say about the early Virginian planter. Both land and labor were cheap in Virginia in the seventeenth century. In 1662 the King of Mattapony sold his village and 5,000 acres to colonists for fifty matchcoats Throughout the seventeenth century, the value of land reckoned in tobacco at the price brought by that commodity in England averaged for cleared ground about four shillings per acre, the shilling then having a purchasing power at least equal to that of a dollar in our day. It was about this time that most of the great Virginian estates along the James River were formed. "John Carter of Lancaster took up 18,570 acres, John Page, 5,000 acres, Richard Lee, 12,000 acres, William Byrd, 15,000 acres to which he afterward made large additions, Robert Beverley, 13,000 acres and William Fitzhugh over 50,000 acres. These were the founders of some of the most famous Virginian families." The demand for labor naturally brought Virginia within the market of the slave trader, but very few negroes reached the colonies in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. "The first blacks who arrived in Virginia were disembarked in Jamestown from a Dutch privateer in 1619; of these there were but twenty in all. In 1649 there were only three hundred negroes in Virginia, and in 1671 only about two thousand." In the latter part of the seventeenth century the blacks arrived in greater numbers. "The records show that the planters experienced difficulty in supplying their slaves with names; mythology as well as history and biography being ransacked for the purpose. In 1640 a robust male African, when sold, commanded 2,700 pounds of tobacco, and a female 2,500 pounds." At the then ruling price of tobacco, 2,700 pounds of the leaf were worth £17. The cost of negroes subsequently advanced to £40 for men. In 1699 all imported slaves were taxed 20 shillings per head, which sum was paid by the master of the vessel.

Mr. Cook goes on to tell us that "as the colony developed, the typical dwelling became a frame log building of moderate size, with a big chimney at each end; there was no cellar, the house resting on the ground. The upper and lower floors were each divided into two rooms. Such a house built in 1679, and measuring 40 by 20 feet, cost 1,200 pounds of tobacco," or considerably less than half the price of a male negro. Ultimately, when more prosperity came with the eighteenth century, the houses were enlarged into more pretentious edifices built of bricks brought out from England. "These were the great colonial houses of the rich planters, not a few of which have survived up to the present day. Colonial Virginia was most prosperous in the period from 1710 until 1770. The exports of tobacco to England and of flour and other produce to the West Indies made the fortunes of the planters, so that their vast estates and large retinues of slaves made them the lordly barons whose fame spread throughout Europe, while their wealth enabled them to gather about them all the luxuries of furniture and house ornament then attainable. It was in these spacious mansions, surrounded by regiments of negro servants, that the tidewater Virginians of pre-Revolutionary days dispensed a princely hospitality. The stranger was always welcome at the bountiful board, and the slave children grew up amid plenty, hardly knowing what work was. This state of things went on with more or less variation until the Civil War produced a tremendous upheaval which scattered both whites and blacks." Mr. Cook testifies, however, that the typical Virginian is unchanged, being still as open-hearted and hospitable as he ever was, though his means have been signally depleted. To all he has the guest is welcome, and if he suffers a twinge of regret it is because he feels that he might have done more in old times.

We find also in the first volume of this work an account of Bordentown, N. J., which is worth reproducing. "Above Burlington Island the Delaware winds around a jutting tongue of flat land known as Penn's Neck, which is one of the noted parts of the valley, and constituted the ancient 'Manor of Pennsbury.' This was William Penn's country home and was originally a tract of over 8,000 acres forming the Indian domain of 'Sepessing.' The house on this estate, which Penn occupied in 1700-01, was then the finest on the river, but it long ago fell into decay and the manor was sold by his descendants during the eighteenth century. At the eastern extremity of 'Penn's Neck' on the New Jersey shore is White Hill; beyond it, up Crosswick's Creek, lies the village of Bordentown. Here we come upon a region which has historical associations. The old buildings now observable along the river bank were the railway shops of the 'Camden and Amboy Railway,' whose tracks coming along the Delaware shore from Camden go off up Crosswick's Creek to cross New Jersey on the route to New York. Above is the dense foliage of Bonaparte Park, now largely occupied by the Convent and the Academy of St. Joseph." Bordentown is an outgrowth of the railway; previously there had been little more at this point than a ferry originally started by Joseph Borden. "Its most distinguished townsman was Admiral Charles Stewart of the American navy, 'Old Ironsides,' as he was called: his crowning achievement being the command of the frigate Constitution when she captured the two British vessels, 'Cyane' and 'Levant.'" Stewart was the senior flag officer of the Navy when he died in 1860 on his Bordentown farm." The old house where he lived still stands on a bluff facing the river. We scarcely need to recall the fact that he was the grandfather on the mother's side of the well-known Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell. "To Bordentown in 1816 came Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Naples and of Spain, and eldest brother of the great Napoleon. Under the pseudonym of the Count de Survilliers he bought the estate since known as Bonaparte Park." It was mainly through Stewart's persuasion that he was induced to purchase land in that quarter. "Lafayette visited him in 1824, and Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., in 1837. Joseph Bonaparte returned to Europe in 1839 and died at Florence in 1844. Another famous resident of Bordentown was Prince Murat, the nephew of Napoleon and Joseph and the son of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, who was shot in the Kingdom of Naples by sentence of court-martial after the Battle of Waterloo. Prince Murat came to Bordentown in 1822, bought a farm, got married, lived a rather wild life, but was generally liked, and after experiencing various fortunes returned to France after the Revolution of 1848."

II.

Still continuing in the first volume, we turn to what Mr. Cook has to tell us about Chicago. He begins with an account of the drainage problem. "In former years the sewage of the city was discharged into the Chicago River and Lake Michigan. The river consequently became a most malodorous stream, and as it had almost no descent, there was scarcely any current, and the lake from which the water supply of the town was drawn became more and more polluted. With the enterprise characteristic of Chicago, however, its citizens decided to adopt the only remedy practicable, which was to take advantage of the descending watershed toward Desplaines River, and change their sewerage system so that it would all discharge in that direction. The problem was solved by the construction of the most expensive drainage works in the world, involving a complete transformation of the sewers at a cost approaching $40,000,000. St. Louis and the towns along the Desplaines River not unnaturally opposed the scheme, and there was protracted litigation, which nevertheless proved unavailing. There is no doubt that the very existence of Chicago hinged on the result. The great drainage canal connects the south branch of the Chicago River with the Desplaines River at Rockfort, twenty-eight miles distant, where is discharged the outflow from Lake Michigan, which then flows past Joliet and ultimately into the Illinois River. This huge artificial waterway, opened in January, 1900, reverses the natural movement of the Chicago River, which now draws in about 300,000 cubic feet of water per minute from Lake Michigan and flushes the canal. Thus has it come to pass that the Chicago River flows toward its source with a free current and Lake Michigan has been purified * * * The city water supply is drawn from cribs out in the lake through four systems of tunnels, and pumping stations in various locations elevate the water in towers so as to secure sufficient head for the flow into the buildings. The chief of these towers, a solid stone structure close to the lake, rises 160 feet, and the huge pumping engines force a vast stream continually over its top."

The author proceeds to describe other salient features of Chicago. There is no doubt that it is the greatest grain, lumber and cattle market in the world. "While proud of their amazing progress, the citizens seem generally so engrossed in pushing business enterprises and piling up fortunes that they have little time to think of much else. Somebody, however, has had time to plan the adornment of the city by the magnificent series of parks and boulevards endircling it." The broad expanse of prairie on the edge of which Chicago was started was originally low, level and treeless, but innumerable trees have since been planted, and art has constructed little lakes and miniature hills, beautiful flower gardens and abundant shrubbery. Michigan avenue and Drexel and Grand boulevards, leading to the southern system of parks, and the Lake Shore drive from the north side of Chicago River are the finest residential streets. The huge Auditorium fronting on Michigan avenue, and erected at a cost of $3,500,000, includes a hotel and a theatre, and is surmounted with a tower rising 270 feet which commands an extensive view over the city and lake. "In front is the Lake Park, with railways beyond, and nearer the shore * * * Michigan avenue begins at the Chicago River alongside the site of old Fort Dearborn, now obliterated, and it stretches far south, a tree-lined boulevard adorned by imposing dwellings."

In the same volume, the first, we come upon an extended reference to the Yellowstone Park, which the author not unfitly terms the American Wonderland. He reminds us that most of the park is in the northwestern corner of Wyoming, though there are also small portions in Montana and Idaho. Here Congress set apart a superficies of about 5,500 square miles within the Rocky Mountains to be a public reservation and pleasure ground forever. The tract is more remarkable for natural curiosities than any equal area in any other quarter of the globe. The central part of the reservation is "a broad volcanic plateau, elevated on an average 8,000 feet above the sea, and surrounded by mountain ridges and peaks rising to nearly 12,000 feet, and covered with perennial snow. The air is pure and bracing, little rain falls, and the whole district gives evidence of violent volcanic activity at a comparatively late geological epoch. The plateau contains the most elevated basin in the world, Yellowstone Lake. The Yellowstone River flows into the basin and then northward through a magnificent cañon out of the park. Its most remarkable tributary outside of the reservation is Tower Creek, which flows for two miles through a narrow and gloomy pass called the Devil's Den, and just before reaching the Yellowstone has a fall of 156 feet, which is surrounded by columns of breccia resembling towers." Mr. Cook directs attention to the fact that there is frost in the park every month in the year owing to the peculiar atmospheric conditions. The traces of recent volcanic activity are seen in the geysers, craters and terrace structures, deep cañons, petrified trees, obsidian cliffs, sulphur deposits and similar formations. The geysers and springs surpass in number and magnitude those of the rest of the world. There are, indeed, some 5,000 hot springs, depositing mainly lime and silica, and over a hundred large geysers, many of them throwing up water columns to heights of 150 to 250 feet. The most striking colors and ornaments are formed by the deposits of the springs and geysers, these curiosities being found mainly in and near the valleys of the Madison and Gardiner rivers. It is well known that the Federal Government has attempted to maintain in the park a huge game preserve in which large numbers of wild animals should be sheltered, including deer, elk, bears, big-horned sheep and the last herd of buffalo in the country.

With regard to the extraordinary region containing the mammoth hot springs, our author recalls the fact that it was first made known in 1807. A hunter named Coulter visited it, and upon his return to the white settlements told such amazing stories of the geysers that the incredulous frontiersmen called the tract in derision "Coulter's Hell." The reports of subsequent visitors were also regarded as romances. The first thorough exploration of the district was made by Prof. Hayden's scientific expedition in 1871, and it was the account of his discoveries that led Congress to reserve the region as a public park. The mammoth hot springs are near the northern verge of the broad central plateau. Here are marvellous terraces built up by the earlier calcareous deposits covering an area of several square miles. The present active operations extend over some two hundred acres. The temperature of the water rises to 165 degrees Fahrenheit. For a long distance, rising from the top of the gorge of Gardiner River westward in successive terraces to a height of a thousand feet above the stream, the entire surface is underlaid with sulphur and subterranean fires, whence boiling water and steam make their way out in many places. As one traverses this extraordinary region, some beautiful specimens of natural coloring and construction are disclosed. Thus the Orange Geyser has its side streaked with orange, yellow and red from the little wavelets slowly trickling out of the steaming spring at the top. At the Stalactite Cave the flowing waters add green to the other colors, and form scales on the rocks, so that these resemble the back of a fish, while below hang stalactites, with water dropping from them. One of the most beautiful of the natural structures is Cleopatra's Bath, with Cupid's Cave beneath, the way to which runs through Antony's Gate. Here the rocks are richly tinted, and the bath is amply supplied with hot water and steam. Singularly imposing also are the so-called pulpit terraces, which are fifty feet in height and have finely colored columnar supports. There is a large pulpit, and in front on a lower level a font with water running over its edges. Neither does our author overlook the so-called Grand Geysers, the eruption of which takes place about once a day. By way of preface the earth begins to tremble, and there are fearful thumping noises beneath. Then the water in the crater suddenly recedes, after which it spurts quickly upward in a solid column for two hundred feet, with steam rising in tufts above. The outburst continues a few minutes, stops as suddenly as it started, and is repeated seven or eight times, growing each time less powerful.

III.

It is in the second volume of this work that we find an interesting account of Lower Canada and its French-speaking inhabitants. After reminding us that the St. Lawrence River flows 180 miles between Montreal to Quebec, our author points out that the settlements on its northern bank may be regarded as one continuous village. Two centuries ago a traveller recorded that the houses were never more than a gunshot apart. As one descends the river he passes a long succession of parishes, each possessing its lofty church and *presbytère*, which reproduce the picturesque buildings of old Normandy and Brittany, with their narrow windows and steep roofs all covered with shining white tin. Around the churches cluster little villages between which stretch arable lands. A ride along the attractive road to Beauport near Quebec gives an insight into the home life of the French *habitan*. "The village stretches several miles, a single street bordered on either hand by rows of quaint cottages, one-story, steep-roofed houses of wood or plaster, almost all painted white, and one reproducing the other. The first Frenchman who arrived built this sort of a house, and all his neighbors and descendants have done likewise. They, like him, do it, because their ancestors builded so. The house may be larger, or may be of stone, but there is no change in form or feature. The centre doorway has a room on either hand with windows, and a steep roof rises above the single story. The house, regardless of the front road, must face north or south. The long, narrow strips of farms, some only a few yards wide, and of enormous length, run mathematically north and south. It matters not that the highway, parallel with the river, runs northeast. That cannot change the inexorable rule, and hence all the houses are set at an angle with the road, and all the dividing-fence lines are diagonals. The sun-loving Gaul taboos shade trees, and therefore the sun blazes down upon the unsheltered house in summer, while the careful housewife, to keep out the excessive light, closes all the windows with thick shades made of old-fashioned wall papers. The little triangular space between the cottage and the road is usually a flower garden. Crosses are set up frequently for the encouragement of the faithful, and there are imposing churches and ecclesiastical buildings at intervals. Along the road ride the French in their queer looking two-wheeled *calèches*, appearing much like a deep-bowled spoon set on wheels, and in elongated buckboard wagons of ancient build, surmounted by the most homely and venerable gig tops. These French cottagers are more picturesque than their vehicles."

There is no doubt that a French-Canadian *habitan*, the *cultivateur* or peasant of Quebec Province, is an anachronism. He is about the same to-day as he was two or three centuries ago. The Lower Canada village reproduces the Norman or Breton hamlet of the time of Louis XIV., and the inhabitants exhibit the same zealous and absorbing religious devotion as their forefathers evinced when they first peopled the shores of the St. Lawrence. "Within the cottage, hung above the *habitan's* modest bed, is the black wooden cross that is to be the first thing greeting the waking eyes in the morning, as it has been the last object seen at night. Below it is the sprig of palm in a vase, with the little *benitier* of holy water, and alongside is placed the calendar of religious events in the parish. The palm sprig is annually renewed on Palm Sunday, the old sprig being then carefully burnt. Great is its power in warding off lightning strokes and exorcising the evil spirits. The central object around which every village clusters is the church, with its high walls, sloping roof, and tall and shining tin-clad spire. The *curé* is the village autocrat; the legal and medical adviser, the family counsellor and usually the political leader of his flock. He blesses all the houses when they are built, and as soon as the walls are up a bunch of palm is attached to the gable or chimney, a gun being fired to mark the event. When the *Angelus* tolls all stop work, wherever they are, and say a short prayer in devout attitude. Before beginning or completing any task the reverent *habitans* always piously cross themselves. They do this also in passing churches, or the many crosses and statues set up along the roads or in the villages. They are temperate, industrious and thrifty, live simply, eat the plainest food, are abundantly content with their lot and usually raise large families. In fact, there is a bounty given, by act of the Quebec Provincial Legislature, of one hundred acres of land to parents having more than twelve living children. It is not infrequent to find twenty-five, or thirty or more children in a single family. In personal appearance the *habitan* is generally of small or medium size, with sparkling brown eyes, dark complexion, a placid face and well-knit frame. He has strong endurance and capacity for hard work, but usually not much education, the prayer book furnishing most of the family reading. The Church encourages early marriages, and domestic fecundity is honored as a special gift from Heaven."

IV.

In the third volume the chapter which to many persons will seem most timely and attractive is that which treats of Alaska, the latest of our acquisitions on the American Continent. Limitless, in truth, are its resources and unmatchable its possibilities. "In scenery Alaska dwarfs the world. Put Pike's Peak on Mount Washington, and it would hardly even up with Mount Logan. All the glaciers of Switzerland and the Tyrol dwindle to pitiful summer ice-wagon chunks beside the vast ice empires of Glacial Bay or mighty Malaspina. Think of a mass of blue-green ice forty miles long by twenty-five miles wide nearly the size of the whole State of Rhode Island and five thousand feet thick, glittering resplendently in the weird, dazzling light of a midnight sun. Imagine cataracts by scores from one thousand to three thousand feet high; ocean channels thousands of feet deep, walled in by snow-capped mountains; sixty-one volcanoes, ten of them still belching fire and smoke; boiling springs eighteen miles in circumference used by hundreds of Indians for all their cooking; schools of whales spouting like huge marine fire engines, and tumbling somersaults over each other like big lubberly boys, weighing one hundred to two hundred thousands of pounds each; rivers so jammed with fish that tens of thousands of them are crowded out of the water high up on the shore; and woods alive with elk, moose, deer, bear and all sorts and conditions of costly, fur-clad aristocrats of the fox, lynx and beaver breeds."

Nor are the Klondyke and Cape Nome overlooked. "Northward from the Gastineaux Channel stretches the grand fiord of the Lynn Canal for sixty miles. Snow-crowned mountains surround it, from whose sides many glaciers descend. At the upper end this canal divides into two forks—the Chilkoot and Chilkat inlets, at 59 degrees north latitude. Here begins the overland route to the Klondyke gold region, and upon the eastern inlet, Chilkoot, are on either bank the two bustling little towns that have grown out of the Klondyke immigration—Skaguay on the eastern and Dyea on the western shore. "Each of them has three to four thousand people, with hotels, lodging places and miners' outfitting shops. Dyea is the United States military post, with a garrison, and here begin the trails across the mountain passes to the upper waters of the Yukon. A railway is constructed over White's Pass to Bennett Lake, and is now the chief route of travel. Pyramid Harbor and Chilkat with salmon-canning establishments are on Chilkat Inlet. Beyond White's Pass, which crosses the international boundary, the land descends in British America to the headwaters of the Yukon River, which are navigated northwest to Dawson and Circle City and other mining camps of the Klondyke region, where the prolific gold fields have had such rich yields, $40,000,000 having been taken out in two years. The Yukon follows a winding course westward to Norton Sound on the Bering Sea, discharging through a wide-spreading delta. The port of St. Michaels is to the northward. There are two routes to the Klondyke from San Francisco—via Skaguay and overland a distance of about twenty-three hundred miles, and via St. Michaels and up the Yukon forty-seven hundred miles." After drawing attention to the fact seldom recognized that the most westerly island of the Aleutian group belonging to the United States is as far in latitude westward from San Francisco as is the Penobscot River eastward, our author points out that upon the southern shore of the protruding end of Alaska, and fronting Norton Sound, almost under the Arctic Circle, is the noted Cape Nome, the latest discovered gold field, about a hundred miles northwest of the port of St. Michael. Here golden sands are spread out in gulches and on the sea beaches themselves. This is the latest El Dorado to which such an enormous rush of prospectors and gold hunters was made in the early spring of 1900. The prolific output of these gold-bearing sands was for a time expected to exceed the Klondyke in its yield of the yellow metal. Already it is said that Nome City spreads for twenty miles along the beach and that its miners are extracting gold by dredging far out under the sea.

We cannot pretend to follow Mr. Cook throughout the fascinating path along which he conducts the reader. In the case of a book like this, the utmost that a reviewer can hope for is to perform in a more or less imperfect way what, according to Sir Philip Sidney, is the poet's function, namely, not only to show the way, but to give such pleasing glimpses into the way as shall entice any man to enter into it.

M. W. H.

John Paul Jones.

It is a valuable contribution to American history which is offered us in the two volumes collectively entitled *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy*, by AUGUSTUS C. BUELL (Scribner's). We need not say that the character and achievements of the subject of this biography entitle him to an eminent place among the great men in the struggle for this country's independence. Indeed, to the ordinary student of American annals, the mention of the Revolutionary Navy instantly suggests the name of Paul Jones and no other. Yet, as the author points out in a preface, notwithstanding the man's singular distinction, but little is correctly known in detail as to his actual life and real characteristics. The careers of other great Americans of the epoch are as open books, because they spent the most or the whole of their lives on this side of the Atlantic, and, after they had passed away, the materials for their biographies were left in friendly hands. With Paul Jones it was otherwise. He resided, it is true, in this country from the spring of 1773 to the autumn of 1777. After that, although he continued in the service of the United States and passed some of his time here at intervals between 1777 and 1787, his actual domicile was France, and from the last mentioned date until his death in 1792 he did not appear in this country at all. The voluminous records which he had prepared, some in English and others in French, were scattered after his death, some of them finding their way to the United States and others to Scotland, while yet others remained in France. Such documents as turned up in the United States and Scotland fell into hands incompetent to make a worthy use of them. Thus, between the parcellation of his papers and the incapacity of his editors, Paul Jones suffered nearly as much as he would have suffered from the utter destruction of his literary relics. It is also true that an investigation of other data besides those which he himself set down is requisite for the production of an adequate history of Paul Jones. The materials for his biography must be sought in the records of his contemporaries and colleagues as well as in his autobiographical papers. The present volume represents an effort to set forth the most interesting facts derivable from both sources of information, his own papers on the one hand and those of his contemporaries on the other.

I.

Strange to say, the book before us does not say when John Paul Jones was born, but the Encyclopædia Britannica gives the date of his birth as July 6, 1747. His father, who bore the name of John Paul, was a gardener on the estate of Arbigland in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland. At the age of 12 the boy John Paul went to sea as an apprentice to a merchant at Whitehaven, in whose ships he visited America several times. He became a skilful sailor, and was for some time mate of a slaver in the West Indies. On his way back to England, after leaving the slave trader in disgust, the captain and the first mate of the ship in which he was second mate both died, and the skilful manner in which John Paul, Jr., brought the ship safely into port induced the owners to appoint him captain. The Encyclopædia Britannica asserts that in 1773 he assumed the cognomen Jones "for some unknown reason." This point is cleared up by the present biographer, who shows that John Paul's eldest brother William was adopted in 1743 by a well-to-do and childless Virginia planter named William Jones. This brother was twice visited by John Paul, Jr., in the course of the latter's early voyages. William Jones died in 1760, and by the terms of his will made John Paul the residuary legatee of his eldest brother in case the latter should die without issue, provided John Paul would assume, as his brother had done, the patronymic of Jones. On a visit to Rappahannock in 1769, John Paul, Jr., legally qualified under the provisions of the will of William Jones, by recording his assent to its requirements in due form. When in command of the brig Two Friends, John Paul, Jr., reached the Rappahannock in April, 1773, and found his brother dying of pneumonia. Then, through the succession established by the will of William Jones, John Paul, Jr., became John Paul Jones, and acquired a well stocked and well manned plantation of about three thousand acres.

Of his life for two years as a Virginia planter but little record remains. He took an active part, however, in the organization of a navy for the revolting colonies, and about the middle of December, 1775, he was appointed Senior Lieutenant on the list of officers named by the Continental Congress. Immediately after receiving his commission he went on board the newly reconstructed frigate Alfred and flung out the first American flag ever shown on an American man-of-war. This was not the Stars and Stripes, but the "Pine-Tree-and-Rattlesnake" emblem, with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me." In May, 1776, he assumed the command of the Providence sloop-of-war and in the course of his ensuing cruise captured sixteen vessels of various descriptions. On his return from this cruise Jones received a letter from Thomas Jefferson, enclosing his commission as Captain in the Continental Navy. At the same time he learned that his plantation had been utterly destroyed by a British expedition, that his live stock had been destroyed and all his able-bodied slaves carried off. The loss which he thus sustained may be measured from his own computation that during the three preceding years his net income from the plantation was nearly 4,000 guineas. Assigned to the command of the Alfred and Providence in November, 1776, he succeeded during a cruise of thirty-three days in capturing seven ships of the enemy, including two very valuable vessels loaded with arms and supplies for the British army.

II.

In June, 1777, Paul Jones, now a Captain, was appointed by Congress to command the Ranger, a sloop-of-war which had just been built at Portsmouth, N. H., and was designed to carry a battery of twenty long six-pounders. As soon as his vessel was fit to sail Jones crossed the Atlantic and anchored in the Loire in December, 1777, proceeding thence to Paris, where he placed despatches from Congress conveying the news of Burgoyne's surrender in Dr. Franklin's hands. Sailing from Brest in April, 1778, in the Ranger, John Paul entered the harbor of Whitehaven and cut out a vessel, after which he fought and captured the twenty-gun sloop-of-war Drake, together with five merchant prizes, three of which were brought safely into French ports.

Jones relinquished command of the sloop-of-war Ranger on July 16, 1778, and thus completed three years of service as an officer in the Continental Navy. Early in 1779 the King of France, Louis XVI., directed his Minister of Marine to place a war vessel at Capt. Jones's disposal, and he was assigned to the command of the Duras, an old East Indiaman refitted as a frigate and christened the Bonhomme Richard. When ready for sea she had a battery of forty-two guns throwing 258 pounds of metal in a single broadside, which made her a fair equivalent of a thirty-six-gun frigate. The other ships of the squadron under the command of Jones were the Alliance, thirty-six guns; the Pallas, thirty-two guns; and the Vengeance, twelve guns. With these vessels Jones put to sea, bound on a cruise around the British Islands. The author of this book is justified in saying that no cruise of any squadron at any period has impressed the pages of history with anything approaching the romantic glory of the voyage now undertaken by Paul Jones. As an English naval historian has acknowledged, "Paul Jones, with a contemptible little squadron, succeeded in alarming and insulting our coast more than the whole navy of France had been able to do." The squadron set sail on Aug. 14, 1779, on a course to weather Cape Clear, Ireland, and fetch the west Irish coast close aboard. The first achievement was the capture of a large ship belonging to Holland which had been taken some days before by an English privateer. A little later the Pallas took the brigantine Mayflower, bound from Limerick to London, and on Aug. 23 the Richard took the brig Fortune of Bristol. Then the Alliance captured a vessel bound for Jamaica from London, and the Richard made prize of the British letter-of-marque Union, mounting twenty-two six-pounders. From the 3d to the 16th of December the squadron worked slowly down the east coast of Scotland, with no incident of note beyond the capture of five or six small prizes. About a week later the Richard encountered, and after a fierce battle, destroyed and sunk the forty-four-gun battleship Serapis. Our author devotes a chapter to a description of this fight, nor will the amount of space thus allotted seem excessive when we consider the world-wide fame attained at the time by this engagement, the first example in history of the surrender of a British man-of-war to a vessel of not more than two-thirds her strength. Nor should we overlook the unique fact that the ship which surrendered had previously annihilated her assailant. When the squadron under Commodore Jones arrived in the Texel on Oct. 3, 1779, there were on board the Serapis and the Pallas 544 British prisoners of war, of whom 211 had been taken in merchant vessels, while 293 were survivors of the cruise of the Serapis and her consort the Countess of Scarboro.

Capt. John Paul Jones, who by his command of a squadron had earned the title of Commodore, was destined to pass almost the whole of the year 1780 in France. His captive, the Serapis, had been brought round under the French flag from the Texel to L'Orient, and, having been appraised as a "King's prize," was to be sold under the French law; the Minister of Marine having decreed that 240,000 livres should be paid for her as prize money to the captor.

III.

It is with this year that we should identify the origin of the only affair in Paul Jones's career that had the flavor of sustained romance in the sense of a permanent relation with one of the fair sex. However numerous may have been his temporary amours, this one, at least, lasted throughout his lifetime, with only such interruptions as were caused unavoidably by the incidents of his naval career. The lady in the case was Aimée de Telison. She was born in 1758, and was rather more than 20 years old when Jones first met her. She was a natural daughter of Louis XV, by one of the numerous fugitive mistresses of that King during the period of Mme. de Pompadour's ascendancy. Her mother was Mlle. de Tiercelin, known to history as "de Bonneval," a name the King made her assume when, at the age of 14, she was taken under his protection. Her father was an impoverished nobleman of Provence, and, when he presumed too much upon being the grandfather of one of the King's natural children, he was effectually silenced by being committed to the Bastille. In 1761 Mme. de Pompadour arranged a marriage between Mlle. de Bonneval and an official named De Telison, whose name was afterward borne by the King's natural daughter. After the death of Louis XV., Aimée left the Telison household and was taken under the protection of the Marchioness de Marsan, who enabled her to complete her education, and, in other respects, assumed toward her the relation of a foster mother. It was in the palace of the Duchess de Chartres, the rendezvous of naval heroes, that Jones was introduced to the young lady. Among the few of her letters to her lover that have been preserved is the following, which, under date of Aug. 27, 1780, is addressed to the Commodore at L'Orient; "Since your departure, my dear Commodore, I have done little else than answer inquiries concerning you from your legion of feminine worshippers. 'Is he going to sea again?' 'Has the King given him a new command?' 'When will he return hither?' are questions constantly addressed to me by all the fair world. In vain I expostulate that I am not your jailer! That you honor me, only as you do them, with your society at times, and regale me, only as you do them, with your exhaustless wit and graces. They will not have it so, but declare one and all that I am the chosen one. Only yesterday the Countess de la Vendahl said to me: 'Alas, my poor husband; he is so good and withal so dull! What would I not give to be, as you are, enshrined in the affections of a heart like that of Paul Jones; to know that devotion and affection for me were cherished in the same bosom that holds the courage that made him the conqueror in a battle the like of which is unheard of? Do not fail, my dearest Aimée, to plume yourself upon your conquest. You are, as all know, the daughter of a king. But far more than that, you are, as all equally know, the beloved of a hero!' Now, my dear Commodore, what can I say in reward for such compliments? Surely I can say nothing that would be adequate. But I never permit myself to doubt that what all say must be true. I could not doubt it without despair. Fortuneless as I am, and dependent upon the charity of a benefactress who, I believe, has taken me in place of a child of her own, denied to her in the providence of God, I am richly content so to be, if only I may trustfully believe that I have your affection. Her Royal Highness [meaning the Duchess de Chartres] has told me since you went away that there is no doubt of your receiving command of another squadron by direct order of his Majesty and in spite of the interference of M. de C—— [Chaumont] or any other interested person. She tells me H. M. —— [the King] himself has said you shall have the Serapis as soon as she is fitted out; your own prize, gained by such desperate valor—by valor like unto the legend of La Tour d'Auvergne. Necessarily I hope so. It will take you once more far away from me, amid perils no one can foresee the end of; but all in pursuit of glory and in defence of our common cause. For that, and that alone, I am willing to deny myself all; even the rapture of being with you once again. When you are in readiness with your new Argosy to sail in quest of another Golden Fleece may not your poor little Aimée come to L'Orient to say 'Bon voyage?' True, I cannot indulge the fancy that such parting would in any wise reënforce your chivalry, which needs not reënforcement; but it would enable a poor little waif who loves you to see for once her hero with his armor on in all the panoply of battle!"

In the "Anecdotes of the Court of Louis XVI." Aimée de Tellison is described (about 1784) as "petite, extremely vivacious, of most charming temper and possessed of all the polite accomplishments. Her features are a softened and refined image of the late King, her father; her eyes are large, dark and lustrous, and her hair, which is of great length and profusion, is a deep auburn, often in bright light having the hue of red gold. Her complexion is the perfection of pink and white, and though in her twenty-sixth year, she passes everywhere for a young girl not twenty. She talks and writes with grace and wit, talks the English and Spanish languages fluently and is admitted by all to be the most finished performer on the guitar in court circles. She enjoys the protection of the most powerful ladies, and is consequently in request to aid at the most important fêtes, receptions and balls and in the most exclusive private theatricals. Though without fortune, she has ever commanded the attentions of the most distinguished men, but has never encouraged any one except the famous Chevalier Paul Jones, Commodore of the American Navy." From the same authority the author of this book reproduces a description of Commodore Jones's personal appearance at the epoch. He is depicted as "a man of about 38 years, 5 feet 7 inches tall, slender in build, of exquisitely symmetrical form, with noticeably perfect development of limbs. His features are delicately moulded, of classical cast, clear cut, and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but when in repose sedate almost to melancholy. His hair and eyebrows are black, and his eyes are large, brilliant, piercing and of a peculiar dark gray tint that at once changes to lustrous black when he becomes earnest or animated. His eyes are, in fact, his most remarkable feature, and are the first to attract the attention of those whose good—or ill—fortune it may be to come in contact with him. They betray unmistakable evidences of a subtle nature, intense with passion, surcharged with ambition, and capable of the widest extremes of sentiment and action. His complexion is swarthy, almost like that of a Moor, though this is doubtless much due to his having spent the best part of his life, from early boyhood to near the age of 30, at sea in tropical voyages, to the West and East Indies. He is master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that, notwithstanding the frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. His manners are in comport with his make-up. His bearing is that of complete ease, perfect *aplomb*, and also martial to the last degree; but he has a supple grace of motion and agile facility of gait and gesture that relieve his presence of all suspicion of affectation or stiffness. To all these charms of person and graces of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdote and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. On such occasions his keen tongue is without pity, and, as all know that a swift and terrible hand lurks close behind the reckless tongue, it is always the study of those in his society to avoid rousing the ferocious nature so thinly, albeit so sleekly, veneered by gentle manners and seductive speech. Next to the magic of his eyes is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and it is equally resistless in each of the three languages he speaks—English, French and Spanish. It is difficult, when one sees the Chevalier Paul Jones in the affairs of society, or hears his discourse at the dinner table or in a *salon*, to believe that this is one and the same person as the ruthless sea fighter, hero of the most desperate battles ever fought on the ocean, and for the first time in history the conqueror of those who conquered the sea!"

Paul Jones refers to Aimée de Telison several times in his correspondence, particularly in his letters to Jefferson when the latter was American Minister to France. These references indicate that Jones charged himself with her maintenance, and though, when in Paris, he never lived under the same roof with her, he always—at least after his return to the French capital in December, 1783—provided her with an establishment of her own quite suitable to her rank. Whatever her own resources may have been, it is clear from at least two of the missions in her behalf which he intrusted to Jefferson that he held it his duty to make up any deficit. Jefferson carried out Paul Jones's wishes, and during the remainder of his term as American Minister in France, which included the greater part of Jones's service as an Admiral in the Russian Navy, he gave to Aimée the most assiduous care, protection and counsel, employing her frequently to aid him in obtaining information for which she had many valuable facilities, and giving her the full benefit of his personal influence at court.

IV.

In his account of this interesting liaison between an American naval hero and the daughter of a King of France the author of these volumes has departed from the chronological order. We now return to it. We should note that during the period of some months which preceded his setting sail in the Ariel, on Oct. 8, 1780, Jones spent most of his time at court endeavoring to arrange for the command of his prize, the Serapis. His reputation was at this time much enhanced by the conferment upon him of the Royal Order of Military Merit, accompanied by the gift of a gold-mounted sword of honor from the King in person, the decoration carrying with it letters patent to the rank and title of Chevalier. During the same year a brevet commission of Captain in the French Navy was offered to Jones but was by him declined. Finally Jones put forth in the Ariel, a twenty-gun corvette, from L'Orient, bound for the United States with a cargo of arms, including forty-two cannon. These guns had been contracted for in the previous year, and were to be used in the Richard, but had not been completed in time for that ship. Compelled by a storm to put back, he did not again set sail until Dec. 18, when the voyage proved uneventful, except for a brief night battle with a British sloop-of-war carrying twenty guns. After a sharp action at close range the British ship ceased firing and hailed to say that she had surrendered, but subsequently managed to escape owing to the darkness of the night. When Paul Jones landed at Philadelphia on Feb. 18, 1781, his sea service had covered a period of five years and five months, about three years of which had been passed in European waters. The outcome of his service had been to make of him far and away the principal figure in the primary annals of the American Navy. He had demonstrated not only the capacity to command ships, but also the most thorough insight into the problems of naval administration, alike as to personnel and material; clear, practical knowledge of the construction, armament and equipment of vessels of war, and profound, far-sighted conceptions of naval strategy on a large scale.

Soon after his return to the United States Jones became involved in a controversy with Arthur Lee, and he did not hesitate to charge the latter with having betrayed our most secret policy to our arch enemy, Great Britain. At the suggestion of Robert Morris, however, Jones dropped his quarrel with Lee, and on June 26, 1781, was appointed by a unanimous resolution of Congress commander of the seventy-four-gun ship America, then building at Portsmouth, N. H. The vessel was not completed until near the close of 1782, and before she was ready for sea Jones was again disappointed, Congress having passed a resolution in September of the year just named to give the America to the King of France. Thus this vessel passed out of our navy without having had an opportunity to fire a gun for our cause. Jones now obtained permission to embark as a volunteer on board the flagship of the French squadron commanded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, which was destined for the West Indies, but, before anything could be accomplished, the news arrived of a general peace and of the acknowledgment of American independence by Great Britain. For some time after the war Jones acted as prize-money agent for the United States in Europe; the three and a half years during which he was engaged in this business were perhaps the happiest in his life. In July, 1786, the Minister of Marine turned over to him the sum of 181,000 livres, which, after his own share of the prize money had been deducted, was transferred to Thomas Jefferson, who had succeeded Dr. Franklin as American Minister to France.

During Jones's visit to this country in 1787 his accounts with the Government were closed, and the Congress of the Confederation ordered the payment of nearly ten thousand pounds sterling to him in discharge of its obligations, but, as the Treasury could only offer an installment of 2,000 guineas, Jones characteristically replied that, fortunately, his private resources were such as to enable him to decline embarrassing our impoverished exchequer in the slightest degree, and he asked only a formal certificate to the effect that his accounts, as rendered, were true. It may here be mentioned that these accounts were settled for the benefit of the Commodore's heirs-at-law fifty-six years after his death, by an act of Congress approved July 6, 1848, appropriating $50,000 for the purpose.

V.

Having returned to Paris in December, 1787, Jones was informed by Mr. Jefferson that the Russian Ambassador to France had requested him to lay before the Commodore a proposal looking to employment in the Russian naval service. Subsequently, while Jones was at Copenhagen in the capacity of American prize agent, a more definite proposal arrived in the Empress Catherine's handwriting offering him the command of her naval force in the Black Sea. Thereupon he accepted the commission of Rear Admiral in the Russian Navy, and, proceeding to St. Petersburg, was received by the Empress at the palace of Czarsko Selo, toward the close of April, 1788. Soon afterward he set out for Kherson, the headquarters of the forces operating against the Turks, and immediately after his arrival took command of part of the Russian naval force in the Black Sea. The squadron consisted of seventeen vessels, two of which were rated as ships of the line and five as frigates. On June 17 he commanded the Russian squadron in the battle of the Liman, in which the Turks lost nine of their large ships and over twenty of their gunboats, whereas Jones's loss was limited to one frigate and six gunboats. One result of this action was the successful investment by Suwarrow of Oczakoff, a reputedly impregnable fortress at the mouth of the Dnieper estuary. Jones now relinquished his command in the Black Sea and returned to St. Petersburg. On Oct. 8, Catherine II. announced that she had decided to promote Rear Admiral Jones to be Vice-Admiral, and to place him in command of her Baltic fleet. During a prolonged inspection of the fleet at Sveaborg, however, Jones contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. The physicians who attended him pronounced his lungs permanently affected, and advised him not again to endure the rigors of a Russian winter. The Empress Catherine, accordingly, gave him a year's leave of absence, together with a considerable sum of money as a gratuity, besides directing that he should receive the full pay and emoluments of Vice-Admiral. He left St. Petersburg on Aug. 18, 1789, having spent about sixteen months of his life in Russia—unquestionably the most unhappy period of his career. Though only in his forty-third year, he now looked every day of sixty. It was with most painfully apparent effort that he maintained the erectness of bearing by which he had been formerly distinguished. His eyes lacked their old fire and lustre; his rich swarthy complexion was changed to a dark sallow; his once jet-black hair had, for the most part, fallen out during his illness and been replaced by thinner locks of iron-gray; noticeable above all other signs of decay was the change in his voice, which, from one of the most winning ever heard, had become husky, had lost its former volume, and was ever and anon interrupted by a short, hacking cough that foretold his impending fate. When the Admiral left St. Petersburg, the Count de Segur gave to him under the seal of the French Embassy a letter to be forwarded to Gen. Washington, enclosing among other documents a formal statement by the Ambassador reciting briefly why Admiral Jones had entered the Russian Navy, his services therein, the treatment he had experienced, the details of a plot that had been formed against him, its exposure and the Admiral's vindication. Segur informed Washington that he took this course at the request of Admiral Jones, who thought it due to the head of the State of which he was still a citizen and an officer, that such a statement should rest upon evidence other than his own. It seems, according to a letter written by Alexander Hamilton to Lafayette, that Washington had been displeased at Jones's entry into the Russian naval service, and that, had he known of Jones's intention in time, he would have strongly advised against it; that he almost censured Mr. Jefferson for the part the latter took in promoting the arrangement, and frequently expressed apprehension that the Admiral would suffer in reputation and health, if not in fortune also.

During his stay in London in 1790 Jones received a cordial welcome in British naval circles. He was entertained by Charles James Fox, was put up at the Carlton, introduced to the Prince of Wales and was present at a party where the Duke of Orleans was the guest of honor. During the summer and fall of 1790, he was a deeply interested observer of French politics, his principal associates in Paris being Lafayette, Malesherbe, Segur and Mirabeau, though he also met Carnot, Danton, Robespierre, Couthon and St. Just. He told the French Republicans that if they dethroned or killed Louis XVI. they would lose the best friend that the cause of French liberty had. He argued that extreme violence, even though it should go no further than the dethronement and exile of the King, would be sure not only to consolidate Europe against France, but would also rend France asunder in civil war.

In March, 1792, Admiral Jones made a short trip to Amsterdam and The Hague for the purpose of conferring with the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland, who had charge of his relations with the Russian Navy. He sent a peremptory resignation to the Empress, and the Minister gave him a certificate of pay and allowances then due, amounting to a trifle over 6,000 roubles in gold. This sum was paid, though not until after Jones was dead. He returned to Paris in May, 1792, but, from that time until his death, scarcely any authentic record of him has been preserved. On June 11, 1792, just a week before his decease, he attended a session of the Assembly, and was honored with the privilege of the floor. Paul Jones dictated his will in the afternoon of Wednesday, July, 18, 1792. His death occurred about 9 o'clock that night. Of the will we need merely say that it involved property of which about $30,000 was ultimately realized by the testator's immediate heirs. He had been as mindful of the obligations of affection as of those of kinship. Soon after his return from England in 1791, he had installed Mlle. de Telison in a small house in the Rue Vivienne, and had provided her with means to entertain her friends in a modest way. Thus at last in the progress of the French Revolution had the daughter of a Bourbon King become wholly dependent upon the son of a Scotch gardener.